



Shiloh Missionary Baptist Church
Commemorating Black History, Black Faith & Black Culture
Wednesday, February 26, 2020 | 6:30 p.m.

Order of Service

Responsive Call to Worship & Invocation
Congregational Hymn - *Lift Every Voice and Sing*

Celebrating African American History & Culture through Music & Poetry

Musical Selections from Shiloh Music Ministry
The Tear – An Original Poem written by Julia Gaines
Musical Selections from Shiloh Music Ministry

Presenting Shiloh Children & Youth in Song, Drama, Poetry and Visual Art

(Introduction by Minister Troy Kennedy)
African Drum Solo – Dillon Bergeron
Portraying Rosa Parks – Kaetlyn Williams
Portraying Ruby Bridges – LaQuita Merrill
Caged Bird by Maya Angelou – Mahli Foster
Phenomenal Man – Jayden Dupas
Equipment – Ja'Mir Dupas
Presentation of Original Artwork to the Church

Closing Remarks & Benediction



Responsive Call to Worship

Minister: Beautiful are the WORKS of God!
Congregation: Beautiful also are the SKINS of my people!
Minister: Beautiful is the MIND of God!
Congregation: Beautiful also are the HOPES of my people!
Minister: Beautiful is the HEART of God!
Congregation: Beautiful also are the SOULS of my people!
Minister: God made the heavens and the earth!
Congregation: And my people built the pyramids and the world's first civilizations.
Minister: God made the Seven Seas!
Congregation: And my people were the first to sail them!
Minister: God made us and all of the nations which dwell on the face of the earth!
ALL: To God be the glory for the things He has done!

Lift Every Voice and Sing

Lift every voice and sing, till earth and heaven ring, ring with the harmonies of liberty;
let our rejoicing rise, high as the list'ning skies, let it resound loud as the rolling sea
sing a song full of the faith that the dark past has taught us,
sing a song full of the hope that the present has brought us;
facing the rising sun, of our new day begun, let us march on till victory is won.

Stony the road we trod, bitter the chast'ning rod, felt in the day when hope unborn had died;
yet with a steady beat, have not our weary feet, come to the place for which our fathers sighed?
we have come over a way that with tears has been watered
we have come, treading our path through the blood of the slaughtered,
out from the gloomy past, till now we stand at last,
where the bright gleam of our bright star is cast.

God of our weary years, God of our silent tears, thou who has brought us thus far on the way;
thou who has by thy might, led us into the light, keep us forever in the path, we pray
lest our feet stray from the places our God where we met thee,
lest our hearts, drunk with the wine of the world we forget thee,
shadowed beneath thy hand, may we forever stand,
True To Our God, True To Our Native Land.